A BACHELOR GIRL CHAT

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS IN WIVES.

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

"After all," remarked the Bachelor Girl, thoughtfully jingling the latch key in her pocket, "matrimony is being wonderfully mitigated by modern inventions, isn't it? Here's an advertisement in this morning's paper of a self-rocking cradle, and another of a self-cooking range, and——"

"And now," exclaimed the Mere Man cynically, "if we could only discover a self-amusing husband——"

"There are plenty of those, Mr. Porter!"

"And a self-raising child——"

"How perfectly lovely!"

"And a self-paying expense account——"

The Bachelor Girl clapped her hands with delight.

"Sit down!" she cried, making room beside herself on the studio divan. "I like your mood to-day, Mr. Porter."

The Mere Man's cynicism dissolved beneath her smile as the clouds beneath the sun.

"Of course," he said sympathetically, as he sank gratefully into the proffered seat, "it's rather hard on you women."

"Hard on us?" The Bachelor Girl dropped her newspaper with a tinkle of silver bangles.

"This taking your job out of your hands," explained the Mere Man, "out of the hands," he added with a sigh, "that once rocked the cradle and ruled the world!"

"They never did!" retorted the Bachelor Girl promptly. "At least, not the same hands," and she picked up her brushes and slipped on her studio apron with a shrug of her shoulders. "That's a misleading old proverb," she continued, leaning over to put the finishing touch on the halo of a pink and purple Madonna, "invented in order to deceive us into keeping our hands out of masculine affairs. The hands that rule the world, and always have ruled it, are the ones that wear diamonds and number five gloves, and polish their nails, and are put in cold cream overnight, and dipped in rosewater every morning. You never heard of Queen Elizabeth, or Mme. Pompadour, or Cleopatra, or Joan of Arc, or Nell Gwynne, or Boadicea, or Helen of Troy, of Lucrezia Borgia, or any woman who ever influenced a country or a king, rocking a cradle, did you? If they had rocked cradles you wouldn't have heard of them at all," and she put a fine line around the halo with a confident sweep of her brush.

"Oh!" The Mere Man clear his throat desperately. "If you mean that men are occasionally beguiled by an unsexed, unnatural, dangerous creature of that kind——"

"I mean that they always are," rejoined the Bachelor Girl decisively. "If they weren't," and she laughed softly, "that kind' wouldn't be dangerous. And," she added, pushing back her bangles and squinting thoughtfully at the halo, "if it should come to a choice between being called a 'dangerous creature' or dubbed a 'domestic frump,' nine women out of ten would break all the cradles to pieces and fling them into the fire."

"I do believe they would," exclaimed the Mere Man with conviction.

"But they don't have to," retorted the Bachelor Girl, cheerfully. "Thanks to the incubator, and the self-rocking cradle, and the French nurse, and the beauty specialist, a woman nowadays can be as dangerous as Circe or Medusa and still manage to be some sort of wife and mother."

"Yes," agreed the Mere Man, wryly, "but what sort of wife and mother?"

"The very latest patent," returned the Bachelor Girl, with a triumphant wave of her brush. "The ready-made sort—warranted to fit any kind of domestic or social situation. The sort that you find everywhere in society, and apartment hoteis, and around bargain counters, and all women's clubs. And if she isn't exactly what your youthful fancy painted, you must remember that it's your own fault that she is what she is. If she hadn't discovered that, while the hand that rocked the cradle was getting calloused on the inside and knotty on the knuckles, you were off kissing the hand that wore diamonds and had time to keep itself manicured, she would still be blissfully imagining that the nursery rocking chair was the throne seat. It took a long time and many shocks to wake us out of that peaceful dream."

"Shocks!" The Mere Man looked as if he had at that moment received one.

The Bachelor Girl turned and regarded him loftily.

"Don't you suppose," she inquired in a patronizing tone, "that it was a shock to the Roman matrons to discover that a soul of honor like Marc Antony could see anything in a snake-like creature with an Egyptian nose and rings on her toes and no reputation to speak of? and don't you suppose that it's a new shock every time we find out that some masculine paragon who has been writing of preaching about the sacredness of 'the American home' or painting Madonna's has gone off and gotten himself tangled up with a Circe and overturned all our theories? The trouble is," and she turned back to her easel once more, "that a man always has wanted a Madonna and a Circe mixed, Delilah and a Gretchen worked into one. And at last we've discovered how to give it to him. We've found out that we can keep the domestic machinery running and, at the same time, marcel the hair, by rocking the cradle by proxy, and living in apartment hotels and buying the children's clothes ready-made, and pinning our faith to bachelor's buttons and hole-proof socks. But it isn't much fun," and the Bachelor Girl sighed, "there is nothing on earth," she continued, sadly, "that the average woman enjoys more than doing her own housework and making baby clothes, and embroidering pillows, and curling a baby's hair; but she has found out that it doesn't pay; and that while she is cutting out patterns and making bibs some other woman is cutting her out of a husband and making trouble."

"And so she cuts out the whole thing," added the Mere Man cynically, "and makes up as and houri. I've noticed that nowadays every woman wants to be a subtle siren, and that you can't tell a mother of nine children under a chiffon veil and a mushroom hat from a girl of nineteen. But it's hard on the children."

"Oh, I don't know," the Bachelor Girl tilted her chin thoughtfully. "Ready-made children are usually much better brought up than home-made ones and not half so likely to be spoiled. The old-fashioned idea that every famous man owed his greatness to his mother has long since been disproved by the fact that half our rich and noble men were ragged urchins, who never knew a mother and slept in a soap box and sold papers for an education. Besides," she added complacently, "there never was a son yet who wouldn't shake off the influence of the hand that rocked the cradle the minute he grew up and saw the hand with the rosalined nails and the dimpled knuckles beckoning to him. Anyway, nowadays a woman needs both hands free to keep her hold on her husband."

"And yet I've noticed," remarked the Mere Man, "that very few of the modern sirens have the hold on a man that the old-fashioned cook and the cradle rocker had. When a man had a farm and twelve children to look out for he didn't have any time or inclination to go seeking an affinity. By the time he had stacked the hay and put up the horses and earned enough money to buy bread for twelve mouths, and shoes for twelve pairs of feet he was only too glad to get home and sit beside the fire and smoke his pipe. It's the modern artificiality of life, the self-rocking cradles and self-working calculators and self-playing pianos, the limited families, the automobiles and electric cars, that makes things too easy for us and leave so much time on our hands that Satan finds work for them to do. This running a home or a business office by pushing a button is unnatural and unhealthy. It gives women time for bargain hunting and men time for pleasure hunting, and all of us time for trouble hunting. A chap didn't worry about not having a soul mate in the old days, if he had a mate who could make good pies and start a fire without burning down the house. And a woman didn't sigh for an affinity, when she was busy all day long tying up sore fingers and patching small trousers and watching to see that the biscuits didn't burn. The modern improvements on matrimony are, like most patents, of no real value to anybody but the inventor; and ready-made wives are, like all things ready-made, apt to be loose-jointed and weak in the moral seams and showy on the outside, but not at all comfortable or useful."

"Who wants to be useful," scoffed the Bachelor Girl, with a toss of her tousled curly head. "The latest model in wives is beautiful and fascinating. She came into fashion with electric broughams and touring cars, and, like them, her mission is to amuse and entertain you and make your friends envious——"

"And keep you busy," interpolated the Mere Man, "managing her and making repairs, and spending your money and getting out of scraps."

"And to make life seem like a picnic of a century run down hill," continued the Bachelor Girl.

"With a bump at the bottom!" finished the Mere Man with a sigh.

"When will men know what they want?" exclaimed the Bachelor Girl hopelessly. "When they had nice commonplace wives in curl papers and cooking aprons, they sighed for an intellectual companion who could understand them; and when women took to going to college, and forming literary clubs, and fighting for a vote, and wearing bloomers, they raised their hands in horror and began to wail for the dear feminine creatures in ruffles and curls; and now that we've learned how to combine ruffles and curls with intellectuality and cooking—now that we're a little of everything——"

"You aren't much of anything!" broke in the Mere Man desperately. "You're makeshift mothers and makeshift beauties and makeshift politicians. Give me a good old-fashioned wife——"

"I've offered you one several times," declared the Bachelor Girl.

"What!"

"I introduced you to Polly Reynolds."

"That frump in the mustard-colored hat?" demanded the Mere Man contemptuously.

"She can make lovely waffles," protested the Bachelor Girl.

"She slicks back her hair," grumbled the Mere Man.

"She's a queen in the kitchen," declared the Bachelor Girl.

"And the color of a lemon."

"But I thought you wanted——"

"You know perfectly well what I want," said the Mere Man, rising with dignity.

The Bachelor Girl twisted her brushes thoughtfully, with her head on one side.

"If you mean me, Mr. Porter," she announced after a pause, "I've frankly told you, that I don't know a turnip from a parsnip, nor a lamb from beef, before they're cooked——"

"And I've frankly told you that I don't care."

"And I buy all my frocks ready made."

"They don't look it."

"And I'd use bachelor's buttons and a self-rocking chair—and——"

"I'd gladly spend the money for 'em."

"And I've got all the modern improvements."

"But you've got curly hair," rejoined the Mere Man defiantly, "and a dimple in your chin, and curves in your elbows, and —you're a Circe and a Madonna and a subtle siren and a Delilah and a Gretchen and——"

"Oh, be careful," cried the Bachelor Girl in consternation, as she half closed the door between them, "Im a—a dangerous creature!"

And she laughed softly as she heard the Mere Man clumping disgustedly down the studio stairs.

Roman Simplicity.

No opera singer ever wheedled his way so deep into the heart of a people as has Marconi, the great Italian tenor, into the hearts of the Romans. He is simply idolized by them, and it is probably due to the great simplicity of his nature and to his democratic ways, which the winning of a large fortune has in no manner changed. The "gallery gods" speak of him familiarly as their "Checco," a diminutive for his Christian name, and think that no one like him ever lived, so he sings for them now and then, although he no longer needs to follow his profession, and although he knows that his voice is fast leaving him. Its wonderful sweetness is still there, but it is likely to break on the high notes. The Romans don't care, and if their favorite at times fails, they drown his failure in applause, and will not hear of his retiring, says the New York Times.

Quite recently, one evening that Marconi was singing, there occurred a little scene that could only have happened in dear, antiquated old Rome. At a moment when the orchestra suddenly stops playing and leaves the tenor to take a high note alone, Marconi's voice broke badly and he stopped abruptly. A deadly silence reigned for a moment in the huge house and then softly and chidingly there came from the gallery a reproof in dialect:

"M'me, Checco che famo?" (Well, Checco, what are we about?) it asked mildly.

The great tenor lifted his eyes to his interlocutor, and shrugging his shoulders in expressive pantomime, quite unconscious of the incongruity of the thing, said out loud, as though grieved, but with delightful simplicity:

"Eh, my friend, how can I help it?"

Then a crash of music drowned the sound of the applause.

The 'Varsity Reputation.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Apropos of Swarthmore College and the abolition of athletics, Reginald Vanderbilt said at a recent dinner in Newport:

"We all know that college athletics can be carried too far. I remember an incident that befell an athletic friend of mine —back in '99.

"This chap, training for the hockey team, went stale. The coach sent for him and said, indignantly:

"'You're in a pretty state. Why, man, you are as pale and soft as putty. Been drinking?'

"'Not a drop,' said my friend.

"'Then you are smoking too much.'

"'No, sir; I haven't touched tobacco since I went into training.'

"'Studying?' the coach asked.

"'Er—yes, a little,' my friend admitted.

"'Good gracious, man!' exclaimed the coach, 'stop it at once. Have you no regard whatever for your 'varsity?'"

WHITMAN'S BIBLE FOR SALE.

Poet's Love for the Scriptures as Literature Recalled.

When Walt Whitman died in 1892 Robert G. Ingersoll spoke of him as a man "knowing all creeds but believing in none." Whitman knew the Bible almost by heart and held it in high esteem. He has said of it: "No true bard will ever contravene the Bible. If the time ever comes when iconoclasm does its extremist against the books of the Bible in its present form, the collection must still survive in another, and dominate just as much as hitherto, through its divine and primal structure * * * here are the fountain heads of song."

Whitman's own copy of the Bible, 24mo, Cambridge, 1879, will be sold at auction on Friday. It bears the inscription in his autograph across the title, "Thomas Donaldson, with everlasting life wishes from Walt Whitman, Apl., 1890."

Donaldson was one of his most intimate friends. Whitman's last words were about him—"He's a dear, good fellow."

Other Whitman rarities in the sale are two copies of the rare first issue of the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," thin 4to, Brooklyn, 1855; a presentation copy of the 1876 Camden edition of "Leaves of Grass, "John Sumton, from His Friend, the Author;" a first edition of "Democratic Vistas," with autograph inscription, "M. B. Brady, from his friend, Walt Whitman," and a first edition of "After All Not to Create Only," with a letter by Whitman entitled, "Can you use this poemet in your cluster? It would probably do to go out just as well during the week immediately preceding Christmas. The price is $11, ten for the little piece and one for printing the slip," &c.

There are also presentation copies of "Memorandum During the War," one of the rarest of Whitman's writings, privately printed for distribution among friends, and first proof sheets of "November Boughs."

A rare memento of Jay Gould's skill as surveyor and draughtsman in the early part of his career is in the collection of rare Americana formed by Miss Nettie Malcolm, of London, to be sold at auction. It is a large colored wall map of Delaware County, N. Y., from actual survey by Jay Gould, with the location of stores, mills, houses, with the names of the families owning or living in them.

MRS. REYBURN ERRED

Placed Herself Beyond Pale of Philadelphia Society.

LIVES NORTH OF FATAL LINE

And in Taking a Residence on the Wrong Side of Market Street She at Once Offended the Traditions of the Quaker City's Aristocracy. Her at Home Was Wasted.

When Mrs. John E. Reyburn, wife of the mayor of Philadelphia, returned from Europe last fall she was full of plans. Throughout her trip she had tasted the joys of social prominence and had even been "presented at court." Shortly after her return she sent out cards reading:

MRS. JOHN E. REYBURN,
At Home:
Wednesdays from 3 until 6 o'clock.
No. 1822 Spring Garden street.

The first Wednesday arrived, and in a charming gown she sat expectant in her flower-decked drawing room.

But nobody came!

Three times the ring of the bell stirred her, but each time it turned out to be merely a reporter in search of a story. Then Mrs. Reyburn arose and questioned "Why?"—not privately, but through the newspapers; and Philadelphia society answered in a body:

"We can't call on Mrs. Reyburn, for she lives 'north of Market street.'"

It was true, and, in the eyes of Philadelphians, an unanswerable argument.

North of Market street lie wide, tree-shaded thoroughfares, roomy houses looking out over quaint gardens, and many points of beauty and interest. But the social meridian lies at Market street, and not north of it.

The Fatal Line.

Society extends its bounds south among the Slavs and negroes and east into the very heart of the Polish Jew section. But west it stops as abruptly at the Skuylkill river as on the north it stops short at Market street. West Philadelphia, like North Philadelphia, is tabooed. The "unwritten law" is stronger than money or brains or beauty in the Quaker City.

Another of the laws of "the Medes and Philadelphians" is that pertaining to the assembly. Only the obituary and birth columns can alter the list of the invitations to this function, unless (oh, blessed rule!) one can prove residence in another State. In that case a dinner or even a successful stockbroking tip has been known to procure an invitation.

If a maiden whose ancestors did not dance the minuet at the early assemblies contracts marriage with a man who "belongs," then she also "belongs," but even if her own lineage be impeaceable, and though she may have gone to assembly cotillions year after year, if she is married to a man outside the pale the assembly's doors are forever barred to her. Usually the week before the first assembly is a time of exodus, when many women are prone to sudden indispositions requiring a trip to Lakewood.

And when one does attend an assembly ball what is the reward? Private balls may abound in Indian war dances, goldfish, and butterflies, but even the menu and the number of dances at the assembly are arranged by the laws of our great-great-grandfathers.

The Charity Ball.

Especial public interest centers also in the charity ball, which takes place on the third Wednesday in January. Those invited put on their smartest gowns and display themselves in the boxes at the Academy of Music on that night; but they do not dance, except in the opening quadrile. Here, again, social precedent reigns, and there is much anxious fluttering till the list is announced.

Then every one settles down to satisfaction or disappointment, as the case may be. The ball is always held in the Academy of Music, which brings up the old, old law that the Academy is the only "full dress" place in town. No matter what the opera or who the stars, whatever the play or how great the actors, any one may wear street clothes or high necked frocks. Dressing for opera in Italian or German at the Academy "begins at the shoulder blades," according to custom, while all other events are from the chin down.

Equally inviolate is the order that "no one walks on the north side of the street." In view of which, old but still virile idea, rents of stores on the north side of the streets are half those on the south side.

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.

BY CECILY ALLEN.

"Wint, if you don't sit down and be quiet you'll be overboard in a minute. I've warned you two or three times now and I'm through."

"Talk about being quiet," said Wint. "You have clacked incessantly, like a sitting hen, ever since I threw my first line. No wonder we don't get a bite."

Wint Miller turned around to look at his friend Jack Barnes, lighting his pipe meanwhile.

"All right, you clumsy old thing. I know what I'm talking about," grinned Jack. "You move about in this little rowboat as if it were an ocean-going steamer. Look to your line there."

Wint turned suddenly at the mention of the long-waited bite. Clumsy he might be, but Jack loved his chum just because he was clumsy and always needed his help. The turn was fatal. Wint lost his balance, his foot slipped on the wet bottom of the boat, and backward he went for a cold and unexpected dip. Fortunately the water was only five feet deep, and Wint's head appeared above the surface in a second, pipe in mouth and the fire still going.

"Curses on you, Jack Barnes. You did that purposely and you'll pay for this," growled Wint, as he tried to climb aboard.

Jack's convulsions of laughter did not help matters much, and when he did stop for a moment it was only to heap coals of fire upon Wint's wet head.

"My fault! Well, I like that, you old landlubber. I told you to keep quiet, but you knew it all. Now our day's fishing is spoiled and I can stay home and nurse you. Climb aboard and let's get home before you develop the measles or whooping cough."

It was a very sullen pair that unlocked the door of their fishing hut an hour later. Wint was shivering and Jack was muttering under his breath. They hunted in vain for dry clothes, as they had come down only for a day or two to rough it. Jack turned to his friend with a helpless expression.

"Wint, there's only one thing to do. We'll have to pack up and go over to Uncle Will's and see if they will take you in. You're sneezing your head off now and by morning you'll probably have a fine case of pneumonia. I hate to do it, for Aunt Fanny doesn't approve of me, or my friends either, for that matter," added Jack.

Again the pair started off and walked through the woods to a pretty little cottage set in among the pines. Aunt Fanny Beal met them at the porch. She was a woman who held her head high at all times, but just now it seemed to be straighter than ever.

"So it's you, is it?" she said, as Jack extended his hand. "Who is this person with you?" she added as she glanced at the figure of Wint, covered with red mud and hatless.

"Oh, I say, Aunt Fanny, be easy. We've had an accident. This is my best friend, Mr. Winthrop Miller. He fell overboard and we've come over to see if you won't take us in for the night until his clothes get dry? Where's Uncle Will? He'll understand."

"Your uncle is in town and Belle and I are alone. Blood is blood and you cannot deny your own. I'll take you in for your mother's sake," whined Aunt Fanny as she opened the door in anything but a welcome manner.

"Never mind about me, Aunt Fanny," cheerily answered Jack as he saw the door open for them. But Wint must get dry; he's caught a dreadful cold I fear."

"He doesn't look exactly frail," suggested Mrs. Beal as she glanced at Wint's somewhat ample proportions. "However, come in and go up to your uncle's room. I suppose you will leave this evening—you know we have no spare room," she added, lest they should avail themselves of a night's lodging.

Wint did not leave that evening, nor for many, many evenings thereafter. At 5 o'clock that afternoon the doctor was sent for. He looked at the flushed cheeks and the parched tongue. He listened to the wheezing breath as it came so hard, and shook his head.

"We must have a nurse at once, Mrs. Beal. The man is very sick. He must have care or he will die. I will send a nurse and will call again later. Good afternoon," and the doctor was gone.

For weeks Wint hovered between life and the great beyond. No one entered the room but the nurse, the doctor, and Isabelle Beal, Jack's cousin. She relieved the nurse, and sometimes even the doctor would call her in to give a few directions. Jack came down every day or two, but never was allowed to see his chum. Slowly the big man made his fight, slowly his eyes lost the glassy look, and finally the day came when the nurse was no longer needed. Isabelle could manage with Jack's help at night.

"I say, nurse," said Wint one day as Isabelle sat reading to him, "I'm glad that other nurse beat it. I like you better."

"But you know I'm not really a nurse at all, Mr. Miller," said Isabelle, as she blushed at the inferred compliment. "I'm Jack's cousin—Aunt Fanny's daughter, you understand. But I love Jack and I'll do anything for his friends," and she began to read again.

"Don't let's read any more," said Wint. "Just let's talk. I don't care whether you're a really truly nurse or not. I—I like you 'cause you're you, and maybe when your mother sees me dressed like a white man she won't think I'm such a terror. I certainly did look like a day laborer out of a job the afternoon I landed on the front porch."

"I know," said Isabelle, as she laughed heartily and laid down the book. "It must have been so funny. Mother's terribly proper, you know."

Days went on like this, and Mrs. Beal was gradually won over to the enemy's camp. Every one who knew Wint Miller loved him—loved him despite his careless, hapless ways, for his kindly spirit and other things, but mostly because he was he. In the days that followed he had many nurses, as all the family took turns wheeling him across the room so that he might bask in the sunlight, but his happiest hours were when Isabelle was in charge.

One afternoon as she patted the pillows at the back of his chair and left a glass of milk at his elbow he caught the hand that had brought so many comforts to him during his illness.

"Won't you stay a little longer, Miss Nightingale?" he pleaded as he held tightly to the hand. "I'm so lonely in the twilight. Wait until Jack comes. He's due in a few minutes now, if the train isn't late—please."

"You old silly," said Isabelle, as she sat on the window ledge with the shadows encircling her.

"I wish you knew more about me," said Wint. "I wish you would ask some of the fellows if I'm not a decent sort. You see, I've something to say to you, but I can't until you know me better. It would be like taking an unfair advantage."

"Oh, but I know all about you already," she said, gayly. "Jack and I talk about you all the time."

He reached out and pulled her a little closer.

"I'm a clumsy old thing, as Jack always says, but there's nothing very bad about me, and I don't play this sick trick very often. You wouldn't care for a life job of nursing, would you?" He was holding the hand very tightly now as she looked up at him and said coyly:

"Ask me, why don't you?"

His arms were not very strong as yet, but both of them went around the girl as he drew her to his lips.

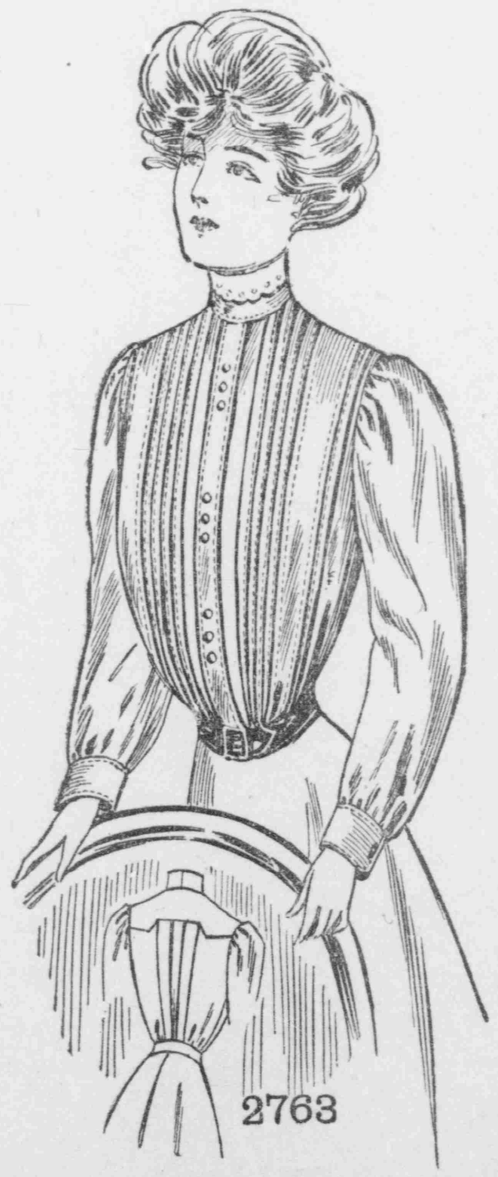
"Sweetheart," he whispered.

"Well, I'll be hanged, Wint Miller, none of that," sang out Jack as he stood in the doorway, grip in hand, as he had hurried from the train. "I brought you down here to fish, not to steal all the preserves on the family plantation."

"Yes, Jack," said Wint, as he reached out one free hand. "You brought me down to fish, and I'm the champion, for here in my arms is the catch of the season—the best ever."

(Copyright, 1908.)

ONE OF THE NEW SHIRT WAISTS.



A new style shirt waist, which is smart without being elaborate, is here shown, and will please the amateur dressmaker because of its simplicity of making. The back yoke insures fitting at the shoulders, while box-pleats complete the back arrangement. The front of the waist is tucked its entire length in extremely becoming effect. The sleeves are of the regulation shirt style, having the plain, straight cuff that is so well liked, while the pattern provides for two styles of collar. The waist may be developed in silk, wool, or linen, the medium size requiring 4½ yards of 24-inch material. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

A pattern of this may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving the number (2763) and size wanted.

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

TELLS OF THE FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES OF HER SEX.

The latest thing in breakfast food,
And sure, it can't be beat;
For when you take it from the box
It's ready then to eat.

You do not have to cook it, no;
You do not have to do
A thing but toast it carefully
To heat it through and through.

Then soften it with nice hot milk,
Put butter on, and stick
Some sugar and some fruit juice on
And add cream rich and thick.

And when you've done these things to it,
And done them all with care,
That breakfast food will taste so good
You'll never know it's there.

* * * *

Reincarnation and Insanity.

"I have finally persuaded the family of one of my patients that she is as sane as the average woman," a physician told me the other day. "If you knew the woman you'd recall that after the birth of her first child, about six years ago, there was a rumor that her family had been obliged to send her to a sanatorium where mental disorders are treated. She was sent, though I protested against it, and she was kept there for a year. I don't believe she was ever insane, but her family do. They don't know that she still has the so-called delusion that frightened them so. She is wise enough not to talk about it, but she declares to me that she believes just what she believed six years ago. When the baby was three days old I found the patient very much excited and her husband and mother and nurse frightened half to death. The nurse had heard the baby cry at 4 in the morning, and, going into the room, found the young mother holding it.

"'The baby spoke to me,' she said.

"She went on to declare that she hadn't dreamed it. She had noticed the time by the clock, and had heard a leaky faucet drip, so she knew she wasn't asleep.

"'The baby stirred and I took it in my arms,' she said, 'and I said to it, "How do you like being in the world?" It answered me and said: "Not at all, but I had to come. I didn't learn the lessons well when I was in the world last time, so I had to come into it again."'

"'Then I asked it to tell me all about the life that isn't in the world. That's when it began to cry.

"'"I am forgetting it," it said. "I am forgetting it so fast, and I shall never remember it again till I die."'

"Well, you can imagine how a story like that—a three-days-old baby talking reincarnation—horrified the family. The young mother persisted in her story, and nothing could shake her belief in it. When she suggested that the baby's soul might have lived in a wicked body in its former incarnation—well, they simply sent her off to a retreat and took the baby away from her. She's not a very imaginative woman. So far as anybody can find out, she never had another queer idea in all her life, but she's got this one and she's going to keep it. On the whole, it will make her a better mother, for she'll take pains to help the poor soul learn its life lesson well this time. The child is a normal, healthy, commonplace small boy. No 'remembering' and no queerness about him, and so far as I've ever been able to see the only sign of an abnormal mind the mother showed was her calling the baby 'it.' We're all more or less crazy, but a young mother who calls her first baby 'it' certainly leans a little to the more side."

* * * *

Worried About the Pickle Supply.

I met a dear little woman at somebody's house not long ago and she did her best to hold up her end when important events of the day began to "pop up" in the general talk.

"Well, I see Mr. Heinze has been indicted," somebody remarked, addressing her.

"Oh, dear me!" said she, trying not to look vague. "Has he? Who in the world will we get pickles from now?"

* * * *

She Can Pronounce H-u-g-h-e-s.

"Whenever anybody asks me whom I'm for for President I just say Hughes and let it go at that," says the wife of a Republican Congressman. "Mr. Hughes isn't my husband's preference, but I tell him that a man whose name can be pronounced in two ways hasn't any right to be President. Out home we always call the President 'Rewsyvelt,' but the first time I spoke his name so in Washington a New York man looked at me as if I were the last of heathens and said, 'Rozefelt.' I can take my choice and say it either way, with the certainty that the people I'm talking to use the other pronunciation. I'm not prepared to go through this sort of thing during another administration. It's wearing. I wanted Mr. Cortelyou to be President till I found people pronounced his name with the accent on any syllable they liked and said the 'o' and the 'e' long or short as they happened to fancy the sound. For a while I felt sure Mr. Taft would be the man for the place, and I mentioned it to a Boston man, rhyming the name with 'raft.'

"'Yes, Mr. Tahft is an admirable person,' he said; and when I said 'Tahft' on my own hook a Western man glared at me and told me that no man with an English broad 'a' in his name could get away with any State west of the Mississippi. When I'm choosing a candidate I want one whose name we can all say unanimously. That's why I'm for Hughes. There's a name I can always speak with confidence."

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Association of Ideas.

Speaking of the governor of New York reminds me that an Illinois girl who is a pupil at a finishing school here in town feels very grateful to him for no other reason than that his name is Hughes.

"I'm a regular dub in ancient history and mythology," she told me—polite conversation is a specialty at her school. "I'm all to the bad when it comes to telling whether Hercules was a demi-god or a brand of breakfast food, and I can't remember whether Midas or Mithridates kept pebbles in his mouth—maybe, even, it was Demosthenes. You can search me. We had an exam the other day and I could see myself going down hill with my skis greased from the very first question. I knew I'd got to land something or papa would hear that I hadn't been keeping my nose glued to my book, and papa would start on an airship trip. 'What was Achilles' one vulnerable spot?' was a question that looked like a life-preserver to me. I knew I ought to know it, but my mind went blank. I knew it couldn't be a fin, but whether it was a liver or a heel I simply couldn't remember. Just then I looked over at a girl from New York and she had a pin with Gov. Hughes' picture on it pinned at the back of her neck. I knew then that the answer was heel and not gills nor liver. It's what you call association of ideas. Out in Illinois when the beefsteak isn't what it ought to be we say, 'Tough as Hughes' heel.' As soon as I saw Hughes I remembered that, and then I knew where they punctured Achilles, who hadn't a Hughes heel. It's pretty complicated, isn't it? I don't know whether Gov. Hughes is the man whose heel they talk about out in Illinois, but I've got a sort of idea that he wouldn't be a very easy man to puncture."

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Only Two More Questions.

Somebody told me yesterday about the small son of a man who is engaged in some sort of scientific work in one of the government departments. The boy has a fine mind, and the father has made it his custom to answer all the youngster's questions carefully and fully. Even scientific fathers have limits to their patience, however, and one day after the three thousandth question the father said:

"Now run away, son. I'm too busy to answer any more questions.

"But I only want to ask two more," protested the boy. "I think you might answer just two."

"I will," said the father. "What are they?"

"I want to know how they work miracles and how they make condensed milk."

YEAST IS A PLANT.

Can Be Seen as Such Only with the Microscope.

Yeast is a small plant which can be seen only with the aid of the microscope, says Good Health. There are two varieties, wild and cultivated, for these tiny plants can be improved through cultivation as larger plants can be.

Firms which make yeast for the market must grow these plants quite as carefully as the florist grows his flowers. Care must be taken that they do not become mixed with other varieties, therefore destroying the culture.

In the laboratories where yeast is grown two separate buildings are kept for this purpose. These are both carefully disinfected, and if it is found that the yeast becomes contaminated in one building the culture is started anew, and the other building previously disinfected before moving into it.

The purest culture of yeast is probably obtained in the compressed yeast cakes. These can be kept only for a very short time, and then in a cool place, which renders it inconvenient for the warmer parts of the country. In this case, of course, the dry yeast cakes must be used, which, when fresh, are, perhaps, quite as good as the compressed, except that they require a longer time, and should be started in the sponge instead of the stiff dough.

This plant, like bacteria, requires warmth, moisture, and food. The materials out of which the bread is made should always be warmed, and the dough should always be kept in a warm place. The temperature most favorable is about that of the body, a little less than 100 degrees.

There is always considerable moisture in bread and plenty of food for the plant. The food which it requires is sugar. This it obtains from the wheat, there being some sugar in the flour, and more sugar is also formed from the starch.

As the yeast plants feed upon sugar they break it down into two substances—alcohol and a gas known as carbon dioxide, or carbonic acid gas. As the gas is formed it is held by the gluten, which is a very elastic substance. When the bread is put into the oven the heat expands the tiny bubbles of gas, causing the bread to rise, or to become much lighter. The alcohol formed, being a volatile product, passes off in the baking.

THE "MAD-HEN" HAT.

It remains.
Madame likes it.
Girls simply adore it.
A breath of wind—it lives up to its name.

Any one who has encountered an enraged hen will recognize it.

Has it occurred to you that the average chapeau is so exaggerated that the most extreme actress would hardly have ventured to wear it on the stage five years ago?

A Frank Apology.

There is a family in South Carolina distinguished historically in the politics of the State and famed in the present generation for its rigorous adherence to the traditional hospitality of the family. More intimately, the particular branch under discussion is held in high repute for the close relations existing between the pater familias and his numerous sons. The fact is also recognized that the sons in early youth are accustomed to address their father in terms of cheerful profanity, says the New York Times.

Not long ago there was a wedding in the connection, followed by a reception, at which the whole clan was present. There went the pater familias and there his youngest son Jackie, a boy of some seven summers. There was much punch at the reception, and Jackie stayed late for the honor of the family. When he reached home his father and his older brothers and sisters were seated in the sitting-room talking things over.

Lurching over to the fireplace and standing as steadily as his little reeling legs would let him, he addressed his father:

"Old gentee, I have had too much punch, a d—— sight too much, and I am man enough to tell you so."

With roars of laughter, since many times repeated with paternal pride, the frank apology was accepted.

Threatens White House.

From the Philadelphia Record.

When Senator Frazier was elected governor of Tennessee a few years ago his Republican opponent was Jesse M. Littleton, brother of Martin W. Littleton, Harry Thaw's chief counsel. One of the Littleton brothers, the youngest of eighteen children, is a fourth-class postmaster at Estill Springs, Tenn., and a warm supporter of Representative Brownlow, one of the Republican leaders in the State. The anti-Brownlow members of the party in his county have been trying hard to have him removed. The other day, says a Washington correspondent of the New York World, Senator Frazier received this letter from Jesse Littleton:

"Dear Sir: Inasmuch as your election to the Senate was the result of your having been governor, and 'nasmuch as you were elected governor because I showed up your record on every stump in the State, and inasmuch as my opposition to you resulted in your getting the largest majority any Democrat had received for years, I want you to show your appreciation by going to the White House and telling T. R. that if he fires my kid brother I will elect another Democrat governor of Tennessee by running on the Republican ticket."

A Strange Institution.

A singular Danish institution is the Maiden Insurance Company, strictly confined to those of noble birth. The nobleman, as soon as a daughter is born to him, has her name placed on the company's books and pays in a certain sum, to be followed by annual payments, and when the girl comes of age she is entitled to a fixed income and a fine apartment until she marries or dies.